

No. 16.

NO crop can grow without Potash. Every blade of Grass, every grain of Corn, all Fruits and Vegetables must have it. If enough is supplied you can count on a full crop— "scrubby."

Send for our books telling all about composition of fertilizers best adapted for all crops. They cost you nothing.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

AGRICULTURAL.

—When a New England farmer or fruit grower abandons his land, goes West, and there in some state "boomed" into celebrity, is only kept from starving by Eastern charity, it doesn't prove that the soil of New England is worthless. Not many starve on Eastern farms.

—We have heard that "farming don't pay." We thought of it as we passed the broad acres of O. W. & S. J. Adams in Hiram, and counted their 42 Herefords, and the veteran orchardist, Mr. W. W. Adams, took us into the cellar to see 1,500 bushels of bright, rosy Baldwins.

—John A. Hanley of Bristol has a yoke of oxen, Durhams, 6 years old, that gilt 7 ft. 6 in., and weigh 3,800 lbs. They are a valuable pair of cattle, for they are fine workers, well matched, and without blemish. Mr. Hanley lately sold Eugene Merrill a yoke of Herefords 7 ft. 8 in., and weighing 3,900 lbs.

—E. S. Batchelder of Montville has one of the best farms in Waldo county, and this year has raised 200 bushels of potatoes and 50 barrels of apples. He is now getting out some 20 cord of hemlock bark, which will be used in some of the near-by tanneries. Mr. Batchelder keeps some 18 head of cattle, and in the number has a pair of yearling steers which stand some six feet in height. He reports some excellent crops, and has had good luck in his farming, other than the hay, which fell off to a considerable extent.

—The annual meeting of the Somerset Central Agricultural Society was held, Saturday, at Skowhegan, and the following officers elected: President, S. W. Gould, Esq.; first vice-president, J. H. Packard; second vice-president, W. H. Weston; trustees, C. W. Day, E. D. Packard, R. T. Patten; secretary, H. A. Archer; treasurer, A. B. Bixby. For several years the society has held its annual cattle show and fair, but through the efforts of Mr. Gould, assisted by the other officers and members, Skowhegan will, next October, have the biggest and best show and fair in that part of the state.

—Perhaps some of my readers have heard of the Cherry sisters, but for the benefit of the many who have not, I shall tell this one story of them: "It is related of the sisters that once upon a time they sold an Iowa farmer a cow. The price agreed upon was paid the sisters for the cow, the farmer took the animal and the sisters took the money. A number of years elapsed, and having accumulated a few links of the 'endless chain,' the Cherry sisters desired to repurchase the cow. They went to the farmer and offered him half as much as he had paid for the animal. As the cow had depreciated in value through age, the farmer accepted the money and told the sisters to drive the cow home. Later on, he saw the Cherry sisters merrily driving the cow along the road, together with all of her progeny, from a six-year-old down to the latest calf. He protested, but the Cherry sisters claimed that if they had kept the cow her increase would have belonged to them, hence when they bought the cow they also bought her increase.

—H. B. Luce and wife moved from Industry to Lexington 42 years ago the 28th of March, 1900. They moved on to the farm they now occupy which consists of 116 acres with a lot of 50 acres more on the hill above. They have one of the finest farms in town, the tillage land being intervals pleasantly located on Sandy stream. Mr. Luce is now 72 years of age, but sprightly as any of the young men and is constantly employed. It takes the most of his time this winter to do the chores. His stock consists of 5 cows, 1 pair 2-year-old steers, 2 pairs of yearlings, 3 yearling heifers, 4 calves, a pair of horses, 1 yearling colt, and a snooker sized by Cylex which is a beauty. Mr. Luce has done well for many years raising fancy steers. The farm at present cuts out about 12 tons. He cleared from the solid forest about 25 acres which represent very many hard days' work. There are 6 sons, one of them, Herbert and his wife living at home. The other sons are well situated owners of farms near by. The people do the most of their trading at North New Portland.

NEW 20TH CENTURY CREAM SEPARATORS

Sept. 1st marked the introduction of the Improved 20th Century "Baby" or "Dairy" size of the De Laval Cream Separator and these new "Alpha" size machines are simply unapproachable by anything else in the shape of a cream separator. Overhauling has been the conceded superiority of the De Laval machines heretofore their standard is now raised still higher and they are more than ever placed on a close par with the best of the world's cream separators.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO. BRANFORD & CANAL STS., CHICAGO. 74 CORTLAND ST., NEW YORK.

ADULTERATED BRANS AND MIXED FEEDS.

Mill Feeds Mixed with Ground Corn Cobs, Refuse from Broom Corn Factories, etc., Now Being Sold in Maine as Pure Feeds.

The refuse products from milling wheat and rye, when mixed with other substances are exempt from the requirements of the feeding stuffs law, hence the Station has not collected and analyzed samples of this class of mill feeds. From information derived from various sources and from the analysis of the few samples sent to us by correspondents, we believe that very many carloads of seriously adulterated by-products of wheat have been sold in Maine during the past six months.

These goods for the most part claim to be winter wheat bran, winter wheat mixed feed, etc. Such goods should carry about 16 per cent. protein; the samples examined carry from 9.6 per cent. to 12.2 per cent. The adulterants are the refuse from broom corn factories, corn cobs, and similar materials. The jobbers handling these goods must know that they are not pure goods. How far these goods have been sold knowingly and how far dealers have been imposed upon, there is no means of knowing. That the consumers have been imposed upon goes without saying. Dealers who are not handling them are desirous that their sale be stopped. Some large houses outside of the state have sent circulars to the leading jobbers in this state calling their attention to these fraudulent feeds.

The adulterated mill feeds thus far found are from the South. One milling company in Henderson, Kentucky, claims to have sold over 600 tons of adulterated mixed feed in Maine this fall. These adulterated goods come under the provisions of the law regulating the sale of concentrated commercial feeding stuffs and the Station will endeavor to have this class of goods branded and guaranteed in accord with their actual composition. It is, however, better that the goods be not sold at all and the cooperation of feeders and houses; dealers is asked in order to drive these low grade goods out of the state.

Improperly drawn samples are valueless in the enforcement of the law. Samples taken in accordance with directions to be obtained on application to the Station will be analyzed promptly, free of charge.

CHAS. D. WOODS, Director.

Orono, Maine, Feb. 7, 1900.

A GREAT RECORD FOR A BUTTERMILK.

11,023 Lbs. of Milk in One Year.

The importance of keeping yearly records of the milk of our cows, I think has not been given the attention it deserves. Something over a year ago, my foreman, Mr. Fred Johnson, asked if he could keep the record for a year of some of our cows. Following is his report for the year ending Dec. 1, 1899, of Exile's of St. Lambert Queen, No. 101813, a daughter of Exile of St. Lambert:

December	1,426 lbs.
January	1,426
February	1,092
March	1,054
April	990
May	946
June	870
July	776
August	744
September	678
October	528
November	510
Total	11,023 lbs.

Other cows in my herd that gave a large flow of milk when fresh, have given for the year but a trifle more than one-half of the above amount. Exile's of St. Lambert Queen for the first two months was kept in a box stall, had extra feed and care, and was weaning her for butter. During the balance of the year she ran with the herd and had the same care and feed as the other cows.

The average per cent. of butterfat from samples taken at different times was about 5½, which would show that she would have made during the year over 700 lbs. of butter. We do not speak of this as a yearly butter record, as samples were not taken regularly. In the future I intend to keep a yearly milk record of every cow and take the per centage of butterfat the first of every month.

P. J. COGSWELL.

Electricity is coming to the aid of agriculture. Thousands of running brooks and streams are yet to be harnessed and set to work in house and field. One farm of 350 acres in New York state by using the water of a stream now has a ten horse power grinding, threshing, sawing. The farm house is brilliantly lighted and well heated by electricity; the kitchen is supplied with an electrically heated cooking stove, and in the laundry the clothes are heated by the same power. In the dairy the churns and other fixtures all have electric motor attachments; the grounds and barns are lighted in the same manner, and the danger from fire has been greatly lessened. We can hardly conceive what thoughts and brains properly applied will yet do for the farm and the farm home.

Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass., has shipped to T. G. Bronson of East Hardwick, Vt., a very promising yearling bull named Brown Bessie of Hood Farm. He is by Brown Bessie's Son 4th and out of Phileas S. Brown Bessie's Son 4th is by the great Brown Bessie's Son and out of Donny Peggis 2nd, one of the best breeding cows at Hood Farm. Her progeny have won more prizes in the show ring than that of any other cow in the herd. She has a butter test of 17 lbs. 1½ oz., and has milked as high as 41 lbs. 12 oz. in one day. Phileas S. is next to the largest tested daughter of Sophie's Top, having a record of 18 lbs. 9½ oz. Since Mr. Bronson's purchase several other parties who had seen this young bull have visited Hood Farm hoping to secure him.

If the cows are fed all that they will readily eat up clean after farrowing, they may readily be kept in a good thrifty condition.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. February 15, 1900.

Saved From Insanity.

Nerve and Blood Diseases the Curse of Modern Civilization.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA

Blood and Nerve Remedy is Life for the Blood and Strength for the Nerves.

"THE CENTURY'S GREATEST HEALTH-BUILDER."

Thousands of people are nervous, thousands upon thousands suffer from mental exhaustion, weak, shaky and irritable nerves, sleeplessness, gloomy depression of mind and exhaustion of nerve power.

They do not realize the dangerous gravity of their condition, nor the fearful results of neglect of these symptoms.

It is nerve and brain exhaustion, loss of nerve power and physical vigor which makes the brain tired, the arm nerveless, the limbs trembling, the muscles weak, and the whole body without strength, energy or ambition. It is the loss of nerve and vital power which is slowly but surely sapping the very life force, and unless help is secured, instead of rising to the top of the world, the right source the end will be shattered nervous, insanity, paralysis or death.

Neglect alone is dangerous. Nature has provided, fresh from the bosom of the earth, the most strengthening, blood invigorating and health restoring Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which certainly and unfailingly cures these terrible nervous diseases, if taken in time.

Use this great and wonderful remedy, and the nervous, irritable, weak and trembling feelings will disappear; your sleep will be natural, calm, restful and you will wake morning feeling strong and vigorous, instead of tired and exhausted, all gloomy depression and sense of anxiety and dread will fade from your mind; your nerves will become strong and steady as steel, your strength, energy and ambition will be renewed, and perfect health take the place of weakness and debility.

Mrs. Janet Johnson, Roxbury Terrace, Boston, Mass., says:—

"For the benefit of the afflicted I deem it my duty to say that I was suffering from nervous prostration two years ago; was so weak and prostrate that I could not stand; could not get out of bed; could not eat; could not sleep; and in a few weeks, I was reduced to a mere skeleton. I was advised by several eminent physicians. At last, I decided to try Dr. Greene's Nervura. I have remedied all my ailments, and I feel like a new person. I have recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura to many of my friends, and have also derived great benefit from it."

Dr. Greene, at Temple Place, Boston, Mass., is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedied all my ailments, and I feel like a new person. I have recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura to many of my friends, and have also derived great benefit from it.

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director,
OSCAR HOLWAY, Director,
JAMES S. SANBORN, Director,
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President,
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15, 1900.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.ONLY AGRICULTURAL
NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For one inch space, \$2.50 for four
insertions and fifty cents for each subsequent
insertion. Classified ads, one cent a word,
each insertion.COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers
in Kennebec County.
Mr. F. S. Barry is calling on subscribers
in Somerset County.
Mr. E. S. Gifford is calling on subscribers
in Androscoggin County.
Mr. E. M. Marks is calling on subscribers
in Franklin County.
Mr. A. G. Fitz is calling on subscribers in
Cumberland County.
Mr. H. S. Lander is calling on subscribers
in Eastern Kennebec County.

...THE...

MAINE FARMER.

12,000
WEEKLY CIRCULATION.

Have you anything to sell?

USE THESE COLUMNS.

The classified ad. column will
bring returns.

TRY IT.

This is the season when buyers
are looking.

SECURE THEM.

Tell your story to **60,000**
MAINE FARMER readers
weekly.THE LIVE,
PROGRESSIVE,
AGRICULTURAL
NEWSPAPER
OF THE EAST.

Fearless, Unbiased, Independent.

Devoted to the home farm and
farm home of the East, it is to
be more outspoken in their be-
half than ever.Sample Copy sent on applica-
tion.Try the Maine Farmer for one
month.Business was suspended in New York
Monday and all over the country
Abraham Lincoln's anniversary was fittingly
observed.The University of Maine, receives this
year from the National government grant
to agricultural colleges, twenty-five
thousand dollars.In Kentucky the republican legislature
is in control at the State House at Frank-
fort while the democratic body has or-
dered at London. Each has formally
demanded the surrender of the other,
and both have appealed to the courts.
A peaceful solution is hoped for.The veterans of 1891-95 are in session
this week in Portland, ex-Gov. Robt.
Commander, and as one looks upon the
depleted ranks of those who saved the
Union in those dark days, he must real-
ize that the men and women of to-day
have little conception of their struggles
and sufferings or the debt we owe the
boys in blue.The proposition of President McKin-
ley to allow Porto Rico free access to
our markets touches our agricultural in-
terests at once and in a manner to call
for prompt and decisive action. The
open door which admits chiefly agricul-
tural products can hardly promote the
home industries. Do the workers on the
farms realize the situation as now before
them?It is just twenty years ago that Edison
gave the first public exhibition of his
incandescent light in his laboratory at
Menlo Park, which led to the establish-
ment of the first system of electric light-
ing ever established. Meanwhile with
what magic have the nights been turned
into the day world over, and what dis-
coveries have been made by this discovery!
Dare any one dream what the next twenty
years will bring us?The announcement is now made that
Portland is to observe "Old Home Week"
and the rest of the state is to play second
fiddle. This is rich. Another sage de-
clares that Portland, Lewiston and Pol-
land Springs are to be the centres.
Somehow we fancy that the boys and
girls from Maine will not stop until they
get back to the old heartthrob, exam-
ine the benches in the little schoolhouses
and look for the notches and initials cut
in the trees years ago. Not one city but
every town is to give its welcome andevery hillside be made bright, for these
men and women who have made the
state famous came from the country
homes in every part of the good old state.It seems a little strange that the Maine
farmers should be feeding the British
troops in Africa; yet such is the fact.
One of the largest single shipments of
potatoes for export ever made from
New York went forward late last week,
the consignment consisting of 15,000
barrels, filling 90 cars, which had been
sold to the British government for use in
South Africa among the troops. The
goods were bought for the most part in
Maine and consisted of this season's crop.
The shipment is largely experimental,
and if they reach the other side in good
shape other orders are expected to fol-
low, as England's potato crop, last year,
was largely a failure. It looks as though
the potato grower of Maine would have
his inning this year.One of our bright writers hits the
nails of the present a neat rap in the fol-
lowing: "In the near future we shall be
reading in the newspapers items like
this: 'Sunless morning a horseless
wagon, loaded with cowless milk, left
the treeless, fenceless farm of Mr. John
Smith, and the thoughtless, careless
driver caused it to collide with a chainless
bicycle ridden by a brainless bicyclist.'
The luckless rider was knocked breath-
less and senseless, and being houseless
and homeless, he was carried to the home
of the friendless, where they tried to
revive him with brainless bread spread
and butterless oleomargarine and fruitless
jam sweetened with sugarless saccharine.
His case was hopeless, and soon he was
breathless in a painless death, and a con-
scienceless undertaker hurried him
heartlessly away in a horseless hearse
and gave him a coffinless burial in a ber-
ryless corner of a gateless cemetery,
while the tearless mourners heartlessly
sang a tuneless hymn of joyless grief
over his tuneless and senseless sepulcher."Rev. F. W. Sanford and his co-work-
ers are at their home in Boston having
undertaken the herculean job of sav-
ing that city. Judging by daily reports
these devoted evangelists attacked the
knottiest problem first, the reporters for
the press. When they are all brought
under conviction and have been baptized
the rest of the city can be taken by
storm. It looks as though in purchasing
the house on Massachusetts Avenue "by
direct command of God," Mr. Sanford
forgot to provide for payment as the fol-
lowing extract from his first prayer,
when the meeting opened the other day,
would indicate: "O God, we want to pay
for this home. We most want to pay for
the carpet, which we know is being
made for this room that we are in to-day.
We want a carpet on a room upstairs.
And we want them now—we want them
now! I say—we don't want it after the
convention. O Lord!" he screamed, "we
want it now! We've got to have it now!
O Lord, don't let the devil have every-
thing!"

DUTIES OF THE STATE.

In all the discussions relating to state
expenditures and appropriations, and
the just claims to be made, and of re-
trenchment, in favor of greater economy
and retrenchment certain facts are to be
remembered. There are duties which are
not to be disregarded and they are mul-
tiplying all the while. There is a steady
increase, and somewhat alarming too,
of the dependent class, the insane, feeble
minded and helpless. This increase is
not in percent of population but under
the more humane treatment with greater
comforts insured and the certainty of
better treatment these cases, hitherto
kept at home, are becoming more and
more the charge of the state. The pa-
ternal spirit manifest in legislation of the
past forty years is bearing fruit, and
citizens regardless of their social or
financial condition, are coming more and
more to look to the state for the care,
protection and treatment of the unfortu-
nates.The growth of the humanitarian spirit
manifesting itself in free soup houses,
organized charities and benevolent un-
ions, while it supplies the necessities of
an immediate present, is also increasing
the dependence upon the state. This is inevitable
under the conditions of the
present. We have not yet come to realize
that the only way to help the needy
out of their necessities is to open the
way for them to help themselves, and
with the great majority this can never
come by distributing alms, or giving
liberal donations.As a natural and inevitable outcome
the state finds it necessary to build and
equip a second hospital for the insane.
The quickened sense of justice demands
that larger halls, ampler rooms, better
ventilation, greater opportunities for en-
tertainment and amusement, and above
all food as well as an abundance of at-
tendants be supplied. The two old
stone wards at the Augusta institution
provided shelter and confinement for
more than 50 per cent of the present
accommodations, yet no sane person to-
day believes that these poor unfortunates
should be kept in those small rooms, im-
perfectly lighted and poorly ventilated
with no opportunity for entertainment.
To build upon the most approved plans
of fifty years ago would be gross inhu-
manity viewed from our standpoint, yet
the change largely increases the net cost
of care, warmth, shelter and food per
capita. It is these things we are apt to
forget, yet they must be remembered.All over the state there are springing
up homes for needy children; those
left alone and those who would be better
off left. Does anyone question the
duty of the state towards these little
ones? They are to be helped towards
honest citizenship or left to the inevi-
table of ignorance and crime. Shall
they be consigned to the almshouses to
grow up in contact with the infirm and
feeble minded there, or shall we foster
these homes planted by generous, phi-
lanthropic souls, who with singleness of
purpose are seeking to gather in the
little ones and care for them until per-
manent homes can be found. Deering,

SPECIAL OFFER.

The remarkable increase in our
subscription list during the past
few months is very gratifying, and
though we have now reached the
12,000 mark, it is our desire to
swell the list to 20,000 before
spring.With the subscription price at
only \$1.00 a year, the Maine Far-
mer is giving more live reading
matter than any other paper, but
that we may serve our subscrib-
ers in every way possible, this
GREAT OFFER is made, to
remain open for a brief period.FOR \$1.50 we will send the
Maine Farmer one year, the Wo-
man's Home Companion, an ele-
gant monthly, one year, and the
Life of Dewey, profusely illustrat-
ed, a volume of 500 pages; or,FOR \$1.50 we will send the
Maine Farmer one year, The
Housekeeper, one of the best home
monthlies, one year, and the Buck-
eye Cook Book, 535 pages.Here are the greatest offers ever
made, and they well merit im-
mediate acceptance. Send in your
orders and secure these grand pre-
miums while swelling the influ-
ence of the agricultural and home
paper of Maine.

DON'T DELAY.

Rockland, Belfast, Augusta and other
cities have these homes, some of which
receive nominal aid from the state and
are worthy of the same. The number and
size of these must increase, there can
be no reduction for the public pulse beats
in sympathy with more generous im-
pulses year by year. The Reform school
of the state is for older boys who show
decided tendencies to vagrancy or crime,
and the Industrial school is for girls of
the same tendency. Neither of these is
adapted to, or fitted for, the work
which these homes for orphans are seek-
ing to do. These institutions are all to
find larger fields of service and the state
must extend rather than restrict its
funds for all these purposes.The economy which the people are
to-day insisting upon is not that of deny-
ing just and right sums for worthy and
necessary objects; and it is well some-
times to consider what these are, and
how they multiply on the right hand and left,
and how necessary that there be a care-
ful and just discrimination made in all
discussions of the question of retrench-
ment and economy that the unnecessary
be eliminated and the just, proper and
necessary appropriations be fixed and
made permanent.

THE REPEAL OF THE STATE TAX.

Farmer McLaughlin and the Maine Farmer.
Editor Farmer—It is not my intention
to misrepresent the position of the Far-
mer upon the question of the real estate
tax, nevertheless I think the criticisms
of the Farmer upon former articles of
mine upon this question fully justify me
in charging the Farmer with opposing
the release of the real estate from state
taxation. In an editorial in a former
issue in reply to a communication of
mine under the caption of "Duties of the
Citizen" in which I directly asked the
assistance of the Farmer in this matter,
you said: "The plan proposed by Mr.
McLaughlin for abolishing the state tax
levied on the towns for which he asks
the assistance of the Maine Farmer fails
in that it does not recognize the neces-
sity for a state revenue, and indicate
how it can be raised." Again in the
same editorial occurs this rather far-
fetched objection. "If the state tax
upon towns abolished what claim can
there be for the representatives of these
towns, controlling the appropriations of
money for state expenses which they in
no way assist in providing." These are
extracts from a lengthy editorial that
seemed throughout to breathe a spirit of
opposition to this salutary reform, and I
think anyone that will refer to that edi-
torial will vindicate me in assuming the
opposition of the Farmer, unless more
light further on should break into the
editorial sanctum.The first objection states "that the
plan fails in that it does not recognize
the necessity for state revenue." Now
we don't think that such an inference as
that should be drawn, as I do recognize
the necessity for a state revenue suffi-
cient to meet all the expenses of the
different departments economically admin-
istered, but I do claim that such
revenue can and should be collected
without taxing the estates, and that that
is a proposition that the Farmer ought
to be able to consent to as an abstract
proposition in the economies of taxation
that has the force of a fundamental prin-
ciple.Most systems or practices of taxation,
both in England and this country, have
sought to avoid the laying of direct
taxes upon land, and when Charles Stur-
art undertook its equivalent by taxing
hearthstones and chimneys, it soon
brought the country squire up in arms,
and five of them determining to go to
 jail rather than submit to such injustice,
what was precipitated the revolution that
cost Charles Stuart his crown and his
head.Our federal government never under-
took but once to lay a direct tax on real
estate, which was during the war of 1812,
and the most of the farmers refused to
pay it, and the columns of the two Port-
land papers of the time were filled for
weeks with the lists of farms that were
advertised to be sold for taxes, and I be-
lieve that the federal government suc-
ceeded in collecting but a small part ofthe tax that was so odious to the farmers
of that time that many refused to pay it.
Therefore it doesn't seem to me that the
editor of the Farmer should have with-
held his assent to this generally recog-
nized rule of taxation until he could
have a bill of particulars as to just how
the deficiency caused by the release of
the estates could be supplied. Never-
theless there is no difficulty in making
up for this deficiency, for if the railroad
stock in the state that was given by the
state assessors report for 1898 at nearly
41 millions of dollars was taxed as the
farms are, this property that is now pay-
ing substantial dividends and exempt
from all local taxes would alone yield a
revenue equal to the amount of the real
estate tax.The value of our wild lands is given
in the same report at 16 millions but it
is well known that three times that sum
would not buy them of the present own-
ers who know a good investment and
hold on to one when they get it. If this
"imperial domain" as one of our gov-
ernors termed it, and which is increas-
ing in value every year with startling
rapidity, was taxed as our farms are
taxed on a valuation of what it would
cost to buy those wild lands it would
alone furnish nearly if not quite enough
revenue to conduct our state government
prudently administered, and nearly all of
our early governors from Gov. King
down recommended in their inaugural
addresses that these lands should be jealously
guarded and only disposed of in home-
stead lots to actual settlers, so that the
revenue might be used to defray the ex-
penses of the state as well as have that
region blossom with cultivated farms
and independent and happy homes, but
that advice was not followed and these
lands went largely into the hands of pri-
vate speculators, and this "imperial do-
main" now yields the state a revenue of
less than fifty thousand a year.Nearly every farmer that I explained
this plan of relief to while through the
country last fall approved it, and many
would suggest new sources from which
revenue might be derived, as for in-
stance, one of the largest business men
in Sagadahoc in discussing the plan re-
ferred to the vast amount of fish that
were taken on our coast within the three
mile limit by fishing fleets owned by
New York capitalists and taken ashore
and the oil extracted. This gentleman
said it was a shame for our hard pushed
farmers to be taxed the way they were,
and such men as Chauncey Depew and
other New York millionaires to be al-
lowed to come or send here and carry
away a vast amount of our wealth yearly
when a small tax on every barrel of that
oil would never be felt by these con-
cerns and would yield the state a hand-
some revenue.The brief of the matter is that one
does not have to travel over the state
long and converse with our intelligent
farmers and business men to become
convinced that our whole practice of
taxation is sadly in need of a radical re-
construction, and if there was any doubt
remaining, the last report of the state
assessors would supply the balance of
argument. I am satisfied that when the
farmers get after this matter before the
next legislature they will be satisfac-
tory with no half-way measures but will
demand the entire release of the real
estate, and that they will have no diffi-
culty in providing sufficient revenue to
fill the vacuum.The release of the estates from state
taxes has been recommended by a recent
report of a committee appointed by the
New York legislature and it will be the
logical culmination of the "ten demands"
upon the next legislature adopted by the
Cumberland county farmers at the Port-
land conference of June 10th, and it is
the logical sequel of the platform pro-
mulgated last summer by the editor of
the Farmer as the release of the real
estate will be in effect the sum of these
other reforms that all lead up to and
make possible this crowning fiscal re-
form. W. H. McLAUGHLIN.With no desire to prevent, and with
every wish to provoke a discussion of
principles touching the great question of
taxation, the Farmer presents the above
letter from Mr. McLaughlin, and would
make answer thereto. Mr. McLaughlin,
the senior partner of a business firm in
Portland, essays to stand as the chief
representative of the farmers of Maine,
and demands of every man a reason why
his individual conception of reform
should not be accepted without comment,
as the basis of action by the farmers of
the state.What organization has vested this city
trader with authority to call in question
and throw doubt upon the motives of
others? The Farmer has never hesitated
in defining its position, and if there has
been failure, it has come through inabil-
ity to frame language, and not with any
purpose to throw dust.
Mr. McLaughlin asks that the Maine
Farmer join, without question, in a move
to do away with the state tax on real
estate, declaring that to be the pivotal
point of interest on the part of the far-
mers of the state. The state received from
all sources in 1899, \$2,140,444.08. Of
this amount the state tax was as follows:
Cities, \$390,042.95; towns, \$406,082.87;
wild lands, \$45,825.16; total, \$841,950.98.
Of this a large per cent was upon real
estate. Deduct this amount from the
gross revenue and we have the amount
which the expenses of the state must
be reduced, or failing to do this, the
amount to be raised from other sources.
Will Mr. McLaughlin state which he
does, and how? Then, and not until
then, can we join hands or refuse to join
hands for possible reform. Then, and
not until then, does he make a straight
out proposition. He says: "If the rail-
roads were taxed as the farms, they
would alone yield a revenue equal to the
amount of the real estate tax," but he is
careful not to declare in favor of his own
proposition. The statement suggests an
evade, not an argument. It is true the
railroads pay a small tax, that two of
them receive back almost the entire
amount so paid, and it is true also that,
in justice to all other industries, there
should be a change, but we must re-
member that these railroads are taxed by
the state, under the law of the state, and
if the amount realized is not in right pro-portion, legislation must be employed to
change the system. The stocks and
bonds held by private individuals, which
should represent the great bulk of this
tax, is a subject for the local assessors
to settle in their own municipalities.At the present time, we have, in this
state, 9,152,863 acres of wild land, ex-
clusive of public lots, valued by the as-
sessors at practically \$1.78 per acre, the
total being \$16,238,288.00, and the tax
\$44,656.77. Mr. McLaughlin declares
that three times this valuation would
not purchase them, but here again legisla-
tion is to be sought before any radical
change can be expected, and at the val-
uation suggested, the total tax would be
only about \$160,000. Mr. McLaughlin
fails in that he has no well-defined policy
as to cry down the farms and arouse
prejudice against other interests. Never
was there such a demand for a readjust-
ment of the whole problem of taxation
as today. Never an hour when the own-
ers of rural improved real estate had
such call for calm, deliberate, intelligent,
united action, but the policy fixed upon
must be one which has reason as its
foundation and common sense as its
corner stone. A policy which aims to
relieve by a make-shift can never sustain
itself. Equity and justice have been the
cardinal points towards which the friends
of the farms have sought to direct legisla-
tion, and no other policy can endure.Relief is to be secured by such changes
in the organic law of the state as will
place upon corporate property a just and
fair valuation and rate of taxation, and
secure from the assessors of every munici-
pality, valuations in accordance with the
law of the state, bringing to view the
personal property represented by rail-
road, gas, electric, water and all other
forms of bonds, notes, mortgages and
securities.Until Mr. McLaughlin presents a
straight-out proposition, he cannot com-
plain if his demand remains unanswered,
and until then he has no ground to
charge opposition. The Farmer stands
pledged to lend its columns to any well-
balanced movement which the friends of
agriculture are willing to adopt as the
basis of operations before the next legisla-
ture.

THE WAR IN AFRICA.

Thus far the Boers remain firmly en-
trenched in their position and during
the past week the British army has
again attempted to dislodge and been
forced to retreat.A writer in the London Daily Mail
from Modder river, says:
"British defeats at the hands of the
Boers are due to the fact that the meth-
ods of modern warfare have been
brought to a pause by the demonstrated
power of the weapons of today. The es-
sential qualities of the army of 20 years
ago are no longer the supreme neces-
sities for success. The man behind the
gun stands more supreme than ever. Dig
a trench and line it with good shots,
supported by modern artillery, and no
enemy can advance in the face of it.
They may be outflanked or starved, but
while their ammunition holds out, none
can out them, for they can fill the whole
plain over a radius of at least 4000 yards
with such a withering hail of shrapnel
and rifle bullets that no troops can stand
in the open before it."

THE STORM.

The story of the storm which swept
over New England Monday and Tuesday,
is one of wide-spread damage, chiefly to
roads and bridges. Reports from vessels
on the coast have not yet been received.
The wind blew a gale from the South-
east during the latter part of the day,
breaking up the ice in the rivers and
seriously damaging the ice fields in the
Kennebec and Penobscot. A 12-foot rise
in the Presumpscot indicates the volume
of water pouring down to the sea.
Bridges have been swept away on all the
streams and smaller rivers, but no single
case of heavy loss has yet been received.
New Hampshire seems to have suffered
full more than Maine, the most ex-
tensive damage being reported along the
Merrimack and Connecticut.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

The farmers are approaching the busy
season, and preparations can hardly be
neglected if one is to be ready to strike at
the first favorable moment. For this reason
the advertising columns of the Farmer
may well be read with care. Especially
we urge at this time that our
readers send for the catalogues issued by
these enterprising seedsmen, fertilizer
manufacturers, implement, builders,
horse and poultry breeders and reliable
dealers. A postal card will secure a
copy of one of these, and the infor-
mation they contain and the fine illus-
trations give them a value far beyond
their cost. Send for these catalogues and secure the
seeds and implements, eggs and poultry
without delay. The advertise-
ments of a live paper are worthy atten-
tion.What the Farmer is Doing.
The following note from a well known
breeder tells its own story of the value
of these columns.
"Stop My Ad."
Mr. Editor: Please stop my ad. Have
sold all my sheep.
R. H. STURGIS.
Brooksville, Riverside, Feb., 1900.Maine is to make a big exhibit at the
Sportsmen's show in Boston which opens
the 22d. Maine's exhibit will, it is
thought, be the feature of the whole ex-
hibition, at any rate it will be equal to
any of the displays. The manager will
have among other animals six moose, a
dozen deer, six bears, several caribou,
minks, coons, squirrels, foxes, hedge-
hogs, otters, muskrats, and a host of
smaller specimens of Maine game. The
Washington county, Bangor and Aroost-
ook and Maine Central railroads will
tell the story of the resources of Maine
in a most attractive manner, advertising
the resorts and special features which
place Maine far in the advance as a sports-
men's camping ground.From the Geo. W. P. Jerrard Co., Car-
lebury, the Farmer has received their very
attractive and complete catalogue for 1900, a copy
of which should be in the hands of every
grower. Coming from the headquarters
for choice potatoes it becomes of in-
creased value to all who desire good
seed.
For the land's sake—use Bowker's
fertilizers. They enrich the earth.

City News.

—The announcement is made that the
oldest dry goods firm in the city, Messrs.
Fowler & Hamlen, propose closing out
and retiring from business.—The revision of the city ordinances
is a step in the right direction and thor-
ough work should be done by the com-
mittee. The full report is looked for
with interest.—Mr. Edmund McDermie, a former
well known and highly esteemed citizen
of Augusta, died at his home in Boston,
Sunday, of heart disease. He leaves a
widow and four sons.—The Congregational church and par-
ish have extended a call to Rev. Norman
McKinnon, Foxcroft, and it is expected
he will accept. Mr. McKinnon will meet
with a hearty welcome, and Augusta is
to be congratulated on the choice made
by this church and parish.—Two bridges on Bond brook and the
break of the large water pipe near the
house constitute the bulk of the
damage to Augusta by the storm of
Tuesday, but until the water began to
recede there was great anxiety as the
high water mark was rapidly being
reached when the storm subsided.—With the mercury playing between
ten below zero and fifty above in rapid
succession the past week has been one
calling for cast iron constitutions and
cuddled sensibilities. Rubber boots in
the morning, and the water began to
recede there was great anxiety as the
high water mark was rapidly being
reached when the storm subsided.—No wonder Supt. Williams felt like
having a justification when the electric
light station was finally completed. For
nearly a year he has been laboring under
all the difficulties imaginable, and finally
hardly dared present himself on the
street because of the criticisms of those
who stay out nights to watch the street
lights. Low water, insufficient power, a
building being entirely reconstructed, and
an entire change in machinery have been
a few of the difficulties he has met. But
these are the things of the past and on
Friday evening the city authorities in-
spected the traveling and the ex-
pected every part of the new building with
its ample machinery for all emergencies
and pronounced it all good, after which
they enjoyed a banquet at Hotel North
as the guests of our popular and hard
working Supt. and that was good also.
The writer regrets that he could not
have joined the party. The cities of the
Kennebec are now simply begging for
business and Mr. Williams' face wears a
contented smile.

County News.

—The first train over the Somerset
railroad for one week reached Oakland
Monday. Ice has held that road in close
fettlers.—Mr. W. L. Mace, East Winthrop, has
issued a very neat and attractive folder
advertising the attractions of Cobbossee
farm for summer tourists.—Gardiner has two savings banks con-
nected with the public schools, and after
several months' experience, the teachers
pronounce them a success.—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Farwell, River-
side, have engaged with Frank Howe for
a year, and will move to the George
Robbins farm, the first of March.—Charles Anderson, Riverside, is mov-
ing his family to Waterville. Mr. Ander-
son is in the employ of Samuel Wadsworth,
who is running a bakery there.—Although the apple crop of Maine
was light the town of Sidney has at least
three carloads waiting shipment. This
means a good sum for the grower. Mr.
Fred E. Blake has 100 barrels.—Treasurer Blanchard presents the
annual report of the financial affairs of the
county, showing that the indebtedness
has been reduced \$1,050.62. There was
received from liquor fines \$31,844.25, and
the cost of repairs on the Court
House has been \$9,829.90.—Homer R. Dill Gardner has been
selected to take charge of the exhibition
that Maine is to have at the Sportsmen's
Show at Boston. Mr. Dill will leave,
Feb. 15, for Boston, and will take with
him a carload of his stuffed birds and
animals. While the exhibition is in
progress, he will have sole charge of the
exhibit.—The plan proposed by the trustees
of Kent's Hill Seminary to build a mem-
orial church to the late Dr. Torsey
should meet with a hearty response
from the friends of the institution. He
gave the best work of his life to the
school he so dearly loved, and many a
noble man owes his success today to the
kindness and sympathy of this great
loving heart.RIVERSIDE. Miss Caroline Pollard
lost a cow by choking last Saturday
night. At a whist party last Friday eve-
ning, given in honor of T. Brooks Reed
of Waterville, who was stopping over night
with his sister, Mrs. N. H. Fossett, a
very pleasant time was enjoyed. The first
prizes were captured by E. W. Rollins
and Miss Carrie Sawtelle while the booby
prizes fell to R. H. Ballard and Mrs. J.
Reed.—Mr. Geo. Albee of Vienna, was
awakened between four and five o'clock
Wednesday morning by fire in his home.
He had just time to get out of the house
with his family who were on the way to
neighbor's barbed-wire and in their night
clothes. The farm buildings were wholly
destroyed and everything on the place
was lost except the family washing on
the line. Four horses and five cows
were burned in the barn. The cause of
the fire is unknown, and it is reported
that there is no insurance. The family
is left entirely destitute.BOWDOEN. On Saturday evening, Feb.
10, a party from Readfield to the number
of 50 or more, friends of our genial hotel
proprietor at the queries, thought to
surprise him, but, learning of their
coming, turned out the tables on them, and
when they arrived, were surprised to
find him fully prepared and waiting for
them with an equal number of our own
townspeople. The evening was spent in
a most attractive manner, dancing and
dining about in the hall, and a grand
host Adelphi one of the best entertainers it
was ever their good fortune to meet. We
sincerely hope they will come again.—In spite of the severe storm, over 200
people attended the debate at Monmouth,
Friday evening, between MonmouthAcademy and Leavitt Institute of Tun-
ner. About 100 people drove over from
Turner. The procession consisted of
two horse teams, double bitches and sin-
gle rigs—one or two teams carried in
persons. One two-horse team went one
through the slush in one hour and 30
minutes. The question for discussion
was: "Resolved, That England's attitude
toward the Boers and the Orange Free
State for the past 25 years has not been
justifiable." The Monmouth Academy
took the affirmative, or Boer side. The
speakers were Barrett, Fawcett, and
Gatchell. Leavitt Institute took the
negative, or English side, and their de-
baters were Allen, Covey and Wey-
mouth. The chairman of the meeting
was Rev. Mr. Woodman; the judges were
Rev. J. S. Durkee, Auburn, Tascum, Au-
burn, and Rev. A. M. Bradley of
Winthrop. The award was to Leavitt
Institute. The speeches all manifested
a careful study and thorough prepa-
ration.

—In the

The Story of an African Farm.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

"That blue mountain far away—let us stop when we get to it, not before." She closed her eyes again. He drew the sails down before him, and behind, and the wagon rolled away slowly. The landlady and the negroes stood to watch it from the "steep."

Very silently the great wagon rolled along the grass covered plain. The driver on the front box did not clap his whip or call to his oxen, and Gregory sat beside him with folded arms. Behind him, in the closed wagon, she lay, with the dog at her feet, very quiet, with folded hands. He (Gregory) dared not be in there. Like Hagar when she laid her treasure down in the wilderness, he sat afar off. "For Hagar said, Let me not see the death of the child."

Evening came, and yet the blue mountain was not reached, and all the next day they rode on slowly, but still it was far off. Only at evening they reached it, not blue now, but low and brown, covered with long waving grasses and rough stones. They drew the wagon up close to its foot for the night. It was a sheltered, warm spot. The night was only a very old, very old when from a long, peaceful sleep Lyndall awoke. The candle burned at her head. The dog lay on her feet, but he shivered. It seemed as though a coldness struck up to him from his resting place. She lay with folded hands, looking upward, and she heard the oxen chewing. Only the two mosquitoes buzzing drearily round and round, and her thoughts—her thoughts ran far back into the past.

Through these months of anguish a mist had rested on her mind. It was rolled together now, and the clear intellect awoke from its long torpor. It looked back into the past. It saw the present. There was no future now. The old strong soul gathered itself together for the last time. It knew where it stood.

Slowly raising herself on her elbow, she took from the wall a glass that hung pinned there. Her fingers were stiff and cold. She put the pillow on her breast and stood the glass against it. Then the white face on the pillow looked into the white face in the glass. They had looked at each other often so before. It had been a child's face once, looking out above its blue pinafore. It had been a woman's face, with a dim shadow in the eyes and a something which had said: "We are not afraid, you and I are together." And now it came to this. The dying eyes on the pillow looked into the dying eyes in the glass. They knew that their hour had come. She raised one hand and pressed the stiff fingers against the glass. They were growing very stiff. She tried to speak to it, but she would never speak again. Only the wonderful yearning light was in the eyes still. The body was dead now, but the soul, clear and unclouded, looked forth.

Then slowly, without a sound, the beautiful eyes closed. The dead face that the glass reflected was a thing of marvelous beauty and tranquility. The gray dawn crept in over it and saw it lying there.

Had she found what she sought for—something to worship? Had she ceased from being? Who shall tell us? There is a veil of terrible mist over the face of the hereafter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Tell me what a soul desires, and I will tell you what it is." So runs the phrase.

"Tell me what a man dreams, and I will tell you what he lives." That also has its truth.

On the night when Gregory told his story Waldo sat alone before the fire, his untasted supper before him. He was weary after his day's work, too weary to eat. He put the plate down on the floor for Doss, who licked it clean and then went back to his corner. After a time the master threw himself across the foot of the bed without undressing and fell asleep there. He slept so long that the candle burned itself out and the room was in darkness. But he dreamed a lovely dream as he lay there.

In his dream, to his right rose high mountains, their tops crowned with snow, their sides clothed with bush and bathed in the sunshine. At their feet was the sea blue and breezy, bluer than any earthly sea, like the sea he had dreamed of in his boyhood. In the narrow forest that ran between the mountains and the sea, the air was filled with the scent of the honey creeper that hung from dark green bushes, and through the velvet grass little streams ran purring down into the sea. He sat on a high, square rock among the bushes, and Lyndall sat by him and sang to him. She was only a small child, with a blue pinafore and a grave, little face. He was looking up at the mountains. Then suddenly when he looked round she was gone. He slipped down from his rock and went to look for her, but he found only the little footprints. He found them on the bright green grass and in the moist sand and there where the little streams ran purring down into the sea. In and out, in and out, and among the bushes where the honey creeper hung, he went looking for her.

At last, far off, in the sunshine, he saw her gathering shells upon the sand. She was not a child now, but a woman, and the sun shone on her soft brown hair, and in her white dress she put the shells she had gathered. She was stooping, but when she heard his step she stood up, holding her skirt close about her, and waited for his coming. One hand she put in his, and together they walked on over the glittering sand and pink seashells, and they heard the leaves talking, and they heard the water bling on their way to the sea, and they heard the sea singing to itself, singing, singing.

At last they came to a place where was a long reach of pure white sand. There she stood still and dropped on to the sand one by one the shells that she had gathered. Then she looked up into his face with her beautiful eyes. She said nothing, but she lifted one hand and laid it softly on his forehead. The other she laid on his heart.

With a cry of suppressed agony Waldo sprang from the bed, flung open the upper half of the door and leaned out, breathing heavily.

Great God! It might be only a dream, but the pain was very real, as though a

knife ran through his heart, as though some treacherous murderer crept on him in the dark! The strong man drew his breath like a frightened woman.

"Only a dream, but the pain was very real," he muttered as he pressed his right hand upon his breast. Then he folded his arms on the door and stood looking out into the starlight.

The doctor was with him still. The woman who was his friend was not separated from him by years. Only that very night he had seen her. He looked up into the night sky that all his life long had mingled itself with his existence. There were a thousand faces that he loved looking down at him, a thousand stars in their glory, in him, and circles and solitary grandeur. To the man they were not less dear than to the boy they had been not less mysterious, yet he looked up at them and shuddered, at last turned away from them with horror. Such countless multitudes, stretching out far into space, and yet not one of them all was she! Though he searched through them all, to the farthest, faintest point of light, nowhere should he ever say, "She is here!" Tomorrow's sun would rise and gild the world's mountains and shine into its thousand valleys. It would set and the stars ebb out again. Year after year, century after century, the old changes of nature would go on, day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, but in none of them all would she have part!

He shut the door to keep out their hideous shining and because the dark was intolerable lighted a candle and paced the little room faster and faster. He knew before him the long ages of eternity that would roll on, on, on, and never bring her. She would exist no more. A dark mist filled the little room.

"Oh, little hand! Oh, little voice! Oh, little form!" he cried. "Oh, little soul that walked with mine! Oh, little soul that looked so fearlessly down into the depths of my soul! Oh, little soul that for all time!" He cried more bitterly: "It is for this hour—that man blind reason and crush out thought! For this hour—that this-barter truth and knowledge, take any lie, any creed, so it does not whisper to them of the dead that they are dead! O God, God, for a hereafter!"

Waldo walked with his head bowed, with bent head, the mist in his eyes. To the soul's wild cry for its own there are many answers. He began to think of them. Was not there one of them all from which he might seek one drop of comfort?

"You shall see her again," says the Christian, the true Bible Christian, "and you shall see her again." And I saw the dead, great and small, stand before God. And the books were opened, and the dead were judged from those things which were written in the books. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. Yes, you shall see her again. She died, with her knee unbent, with her hand unraised, with a prayer unuttered, in the pride of her intellect and the strength of her youth. She loved, and she was loved. But she said no prayer to God; she cried for no mercy; she repented of no sin! Yes; you shall see her again.

But he had long ceased to hearken to the hellish voice!

But yet another speaks. "You shall see her again," says the nineteenth century Christian, deep into whose soul modern unbelief and thought have crept, though he knows it not. He it is who uses his Bible as the heartfisher uses his shell, sorting out gems from refuse. He sets his pearls at her own fashion, and he sets them well. "Do not fear," he says. "Hell and judgment are not. God is love. I know that beyond this blue sky above us is a love as wide-spreading over all. The All Father will show his love to you again—no spirit only. The little hands, the little feet, you loved—you shall live and kiss them if you will. Christ arose and did eat and drink. So shall she arise. The dead, all the dead, raised incorruptible! God is love. You shall see her again."

It is a heavenly song this of the nineteenth century Christian. A man might dry his tears to listen to it but for this one thing—Waldo muttered to him self confusedly:

"The thing I loved was a woman proud and young. It had a mother once, who, dying, kissed her little baby and prayed God that she might see it again. If it had lived, the loving thing would itself have had a son, who, when he closed the weary eyes and smoothed the wrinkled forehead of his mother, would have prayed God to see that old face smile again in the hereafter. To the son heaven will be no heaven if the sweet worn face is not in one of the choirs. He will look for it through the phalanx of God's glorified angels, and the youth will look for the maid, and the mother for the baby. And those then shall be at the resurrection of the dead?"

"Ah, God! Ah, God! A beautiful dream!" he cried. "But can any one dream it not sleeping?"

Waldo paced on, moaning in agony and longing.

He, the transcendentalist's high answer:

"What have you to do with flesh, the gross and miserable garment in which spirit hides itself? You shall see her again. But the hand, the foot, the forehead, you loved you shall see no more. The loves, the fears, the frailties, that are born with the flesh, with the flesh and the mortal coil, there is that in man that cannot die, a seed, a germ, an embryo, a spiritual essence. Higher than she was on earth, as the tree is higher than the seed, the man than the embryo, so shall you behold her, changed, glorified."

His words, ringing well. They are the offering of jewels to the hungry, of gold to the man who dies for bread. Bread is corruption; gold is incorruptible. Bread is light; gold is heavy. Bread is common; gold is rare. But the hungry man will barter all your mines for a morsel of bread. Around God's throne there may be cherubs and seraphim, rising tier above tier, but not for one of them all does the soul cry aloud, only perhaps for a little human woman, full of sin, that it once loved!

"Change is death, change is death!" he cried. "I want no angel, only she—no holier and no better, with all her sin upon her. So give her me or give me nothing!"

Just out of reach, is where every man would like to be when danger threatens him. Disease is more dangerous than any wild beast. To be just out of reach of disease, is safer than to engage it in a death struggle with doubtful results.

The secret of keeping just out of reach

of disease is in keeping the blood pure and rich. Pure blood offers no breeding ground for disease germs. Rich blood creates a vigorous vital force to resist disease. This ideal condition of the blood is best obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In thousands of cases where there has been obstinate cough, bronchitis, spitting of blood, weakness and debility, which if neglected lead on to consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" has healed the disease and put the life just out of reach of the destroyer.

There is no alcohol or other intoxicant contained in "Golden Medical Discovery." After using about five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, you will find it to be all right, writes Mr. J. W. Price, of Ozark, Missouri, who says: "I was very old when I commenced to use it, and the doctors claimed I had consumption and was doomed. Since I have been taking your medicine and it is still in good health. We are very thankful to you for saving our son."

Free. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free by Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered edition, or 31 stamps for same edition in cloth binding.

For the soul's fierce cry for immortality is this, only this: Return to me after death the thing as it was before. Leave me in the hereafter the being that I am today. Rob me of the thoughts, the feelings, the desires, that are my life, and you have left nothing to take. Your immortality is annihilation. Your hereafter is nothingness. Waldo flung open the door and walked out into the starlight, his pale, stricken thoughts ever driving him on as he paced there.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any end to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? And yet where were we 90 years ago? Dreams, dreams! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mists that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's bed. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was, flowers, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the tiny soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his bent head, his soul passed down the steps of contemplation into that vast land where the soul gazes into the consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it.

"No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that dies; the soul is there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reverts him into its immensity. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides, we hold."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the Beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbbing of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on through the Universal Life!" In that deep world of contemplation all fierce desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only because he had seen the light of the open? The dreamers see it every day.

So age succeeds age, and dream succeeds dream, and of the joy of the dreamer no man knoweth but he who dreameth.

Our fathers had their dream; we have ours; the generation that follows will have its own. Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUN—

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rain had covered the "karroo" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very time of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, as beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of the sandy furrows and lined them with weeds. On the broken old walls of the old pigsty blackbirds flourished, and leaf plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon once again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from his mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon to see the work. He had a hot-tent's bridle. I hadn't any more breath. He winked at me—he winked

stood ready "inspinned," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudding faced, weak-eyed child.

"You take it and get into the cart with it," said Tant Sannie. "What do you want here, listening to our woman's talk?"

The young man arose and meekly went out with the baby.

"I'm glad you are going to be married, my child," said Tant Sannie as she drained the last drop from her coffee cup. "I didn't want any while he was here. It would make him too conceited. But marriage is the finest thing in the world. I've been at it three times, and if it pleased God to take this husband from me I should have another. There's nothing like it, my child, nothing."

"Perhaps it might not suit all people at all times as well as it suits you, Tant Sannie," said Em. There was a little shade of weariness in the voice.

"Not suit every one!" said Tant Sannie. "If the beloved Redeemer didn't mean men to have wives, what did he make women for? That's what I say. If a woman's old enough to marry and doesn't, she's sinning against God. It's not wanting to know better than him. What! Does she think the Lord took all that trouble in making her for nothing? It's evident he wants babies. Otherwise why does he send them? Not that I've done much in that way myself," said Tant Sannie sorrowfully. "But I've done some. I've had a little help, a little power of gaining knowledge. But now I have gone so far along I may go to the end. I don't want it, little one."

"Why is it always so, Waldo—always so?" she said. "We long for things and then for them and pray for them, we would give all we have to come near to them, but when we reach them, then at last, too late, just when we don't want them any more, when all the sweetness is taken out of them, then they come. We don't want them then," she said, folding her hands resignedly on her little apron. After awhile she added: "I remember once, very long ago, when I was a very little girl, my mother had a workbox full of colored reels. I always wanted to play with them, but she would never let me. At last one day she said I might take the box. I was so glad I hardly knew what to do. I ran round the house and sat down with it on the back steps, but when I opened the box all the cottons were taken out."

"I'm glad you're going to get married," she said, looking at him with many children in five years as a cow has calves, and more too. I think I'll just go and have a look at your soap before I start," she said, turning to Em. "Not that I believe in this new plan of putting soda in the pot. If the dear Father had meant soda to be put into soap, what would he have made milk bushes for and straws and all over the world as thick as lambs in the lambing season?"

She waddled off after Em in the direction of the built-in soap pot, leaving Gregory as they found him, with his dead pipe lying on the bench beside him and his blue eyes gazing out far across the flat, like one who sits on a seashore watching that which is fading, fading from him. Against his breast was a letter found in a desk and dressed to himself, but never posted. It held only four words. "You must marry Em." He wore it in a black bag round his neck. It was the only letter he had ever written to him.

"You don't know what a letter the scab this year," said Tant Sannie as she waddled after Em. "It's with all these new inventions that the wrath of God must fall on us. What were the children of Israel punished for if it wasn't for making a golden calf? I may have my sins, but I do remember the Tenth Commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Well, with all these new inventions that the wrath of God must fall on us. What were the children of Israel punished for if it wasn't for making a golden calf? I may have my sins, but I do remember the Tenth Commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Well, with all these new inventions that the wrath of God must fall on us. What were the children of Israel punished for if it wasn't for making a golden calf? I may have my sins, but I do remember the Tenth Commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Well, with all these new inventions that the wrath of God must fall on us. 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The February meeting of the York County Pomona Grange was held at the Iacoo Grange hall, Thursday, February 11th. Members from almost every grange in the county were present and it was a very successful meeting, over a hundred being present. John W. Anderson of Hollis, G. R. Andrews and Carlos H. McKenny of Biddeford, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Rollins, Mr. Albert B. Hill, Charles H. Swerter and John P. Deane of Seabrook and John C. Emmons, Ethel Littlefield and Herman Warner of Alwewe were instructed in the fifth degree. After the business meeting closed the assembly adjourned to the spacious dining room. A very pleasant noon hour passed all too quickly and the afternoon meeting, which was public, began with a short service commemorating the death of Hon. George S. Mayhew of York. After the service many interesting discussions pertaining to the farm and dairy were indulged in by the various members. The granges paper, The Norland Breeze, edited by Sisters Barker and Wheeler, contained many hard hits on the brothers. Then a well rendered song by Hattie Billington, "Walt Till the Luck Comes Around," and last, but not least, a new song, discovered by Sister Ayer, subject, "Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard, etc." Visitors from Minot and Wilton encour-

6th. Imitation Dairy Products. The bill upon this subject is House bill No. 1717 and is a bill to make oleomargarine and other imitation dairy products subject to the laws of the state into which they are transported, and makes the tax on uncolored oleomargarine one-fourth of one cent a pound. This bill practically covers the points urged by the agricultural and dairy organizations of the country and should have vigorous support from the grange.

The market for beef cattle was strong overnight grades and weak on the better class of cattle, it is very seldom that such a price change occurs. Good cattle came in freely from the West and

very few buyers made their appearance, which led to easier tone.

Receipts here are quite moderate, and with the reported small make in the West there will be no reason to expect material decline at present, but if prices fall off at other places our market will probably have to fall into line.

Receivers were not disposed to talk of over 20c for the finest lots of Vermont and New Hampshire fresh creamery stock. The average last week where the quality was not all right 25¢ to 26½¢ would have been accepted.

There is still some hard butter on hand

POTATOES—45¢ per bush.
CABBAGES—2¢ per lb.
BEETS—1¢
ONIONS—30¢ per bush.
APPLES—\$2.50 per bin.
CRANBERRIES—\$9.50 ± 10.00 per bbl.

THE MILLION DOLLAR POTATO

Millions of prizes are being offered by the National Potato Council. See Catalog today so also about free potato seed. Largest farm and vegetable seeds available. Write for information. Send us your name and address now. Send this notice and receive your free catalog.

fact is there are certain kinds of material that every good feeder recognizes as desirable accompaniments to the principal food rations of the animals in their charge, not specially for the measure of food value they carry, but for the general effect in keeping the digestive organs in good order for carrying out their work. Nearly always, in forced feeding of any animal for any purpose, one of these special foods are used to go with the ration. Corn meal is the cheapest and cheapest fattening mill fodder available, yet in the forced feeding of the growing steer, feeders mix a measure of bran or crushed oats with the

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And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-MADE OF PURE GRAINS, that take the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over $\frac{1}{4}$ as much.

MILION DOLLAR
Most talked of potato on earth! Our Catalog tells—so also about Ralston's Earliest Six Weeks' Potato. Largest farm and vegetable seed grower in U.S. Potatoes, \$1.20 and up a bbl. Send this notice and 5c. for Ralston's Six Weeks' Potato.